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Yea...
Bitch...
Yea, yea
I jus' bought a mattress for the trap
And I just popped a bean
I be out here thuggin' by my lonely
Fuck it, quarantine
If you think I'm mean, that's prolly yo fault
You never met a bitch who know her power
Now you out here with yo jaw broke!
These niggas, these bitches, yea they be big jokes
And I be bout my giggle
Big fingers up in the middle, yea!
I keep hate alive cause I like balance and a challenge, yea!
I don't need no yeses from you hoes I'm feeling stylish, yea!
You can't tell me shit! I did the work! I earned the mileage, yea!
You still tryna figure out the recipe, I'm chowing, yea!
I know I get on you bitches nerves, I'm hard to copy, yea!
I be looking popping even when I'm looking sloppy, yea!
Imma keep sluttin', they gon keep cummin', pour the Espolon
That 'quila give me fever!
I don't gotta shave my beaver! I might keep a nigga warm!
I might mink ya
I might keep ya
I might ghost ya
I might keep ya close!
Keep them hating hoes a little closer cause they do the most!
I can smell the animosity some miles away!
Its okay!
I don't like you either, must thought I was gay!
You gotta get what you pay for
Even if it don't come easy!
Gotta make these bitches wait
She ain't about to say I'm sleazy!
You can't overnight me!
Can't make me your wifey!
You can't come inside me
This ain't mister rogers 'hood
I'll rob you 'fo I read ya!
Body bangin', bluetooth speaker!
Hi, I'm Mutha, nice to meet ya
Not a woman, I'm a creature!
Naw, you can't afford a feature!
She was talking shit, I beat her up!
Her nigga wanna eat me up!
Her bitches see me beefing up!
Taco, cheddar cheesing up!
Saucing, get ya season up!
Coughing, syrup, Bentley truck!
I shit on bitches waayy too fuckin much
And I don't give a fuck!
Yea!
I got hands for these niggas!
Hands for these hoes, yea!
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Got a choppa for these niggas!

Choppa for these hoes, yea!

I got hands for these niggas! Hands for these hoes, yea! Got a choppa for these niggas! Choppa for these hoes, yea!...